"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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M. ATHANASE COQUEREL.

OUR record of UNITARIAN WORTHIES would be incomplete without the name of this learned, brave, and eloquent Frenchman, M. Athanase Coquerel, who for upwards of fifty years "was a good and true pastor. He loved and taught us to love; he believed and taught us to believe; he has done well and suffered nobly." Again and again, from first to last, for conscience sake, he was made to feel that he was a hundred years too soon in this world for the comfort of his days; but not too soon to earn a noble reputation in sowing the seeds of imperishable truth. He died last year; and when the death of a Parisian is the subject of comment in our leading London papers, it may well be regarded as the proof of some distinction. He was a remarkable man—theologically far in advance of the pulpit and people of France. His career as a preacher was brilliant. His sermons were effective and interesting to all classes. Royalty at times hung upon his lips, and he swayed the multitude with his fervent and faithful eloquence. His language came glowing from his heart full of hope and sympathy, which lifted up and strengthened the lives of all who listened. He was assiduous in all the offices of his holy calling, administering to the sick and suffering. The chief interest we have now in his life arises from the part he so well performed of promoting Unitarian Christianity. He did his utmost to stem back the sectarian spirit which is always trying to check free thought. It is true he was elected in 1848 to the Constituent Assembly by 70,000 votes; but this is a small affair compared with his efforts to diffuse true religion. It is true he had the power of the orator that drew along immense multitudes; yet it is infinitely more interesting to us to say that he battled faithfully against the orthodox party of France, and has left tens of thousands of persons in his country purely Unitarian in their faith and worship. So now our readers can understand how persecution raged against him at different times with all the force that calumny and passion can command. On his entrance to the ministry he was offered preferment on signing human creeds, and declined. Near the close of his life he was offered rest, if he would yield to the terms of the bigots, and he again declined. "My father's death," says his son, "and the cruel certainty that the injustice and tyranny of men who call themselves the real Christians have literally destroyed his life." He was not to be daunted or put down in the work before him who could, as he did, cast himself into the water and dive beneath a ship to save the life of a poor woman from drowning. He was the author of many useful works as well as one of the ablest opponents, in France, of Strauss. As a man of unsullied integrity and independence of mind, he was beloved and honoured wherever he was known. His sympathy with the oppressed and his pity for the fallen were equally marked in his career. Helen Maria Williams, his aunt, to whom for his learning, character, and a pure theology he was much indebted, shared in the days of her trouble in his whole estate of social comfort and moral sympathy. And as a pure and noble-minded citizen he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour in the full prime of his life.

His last conflict was with the Presbyteral Council, to which he applied for a helper in his pulpit and pastoral duties, being then seventy years of age. He named a few, but these were all refused him by the council, as they were determined to force him from his pulpit, or fix

upon him an orthodox curate. He did not desert his post, but laboured on three years more. Wearied therefore and worn, at the age of seventy-three, on the 10th of January, 1868, he died of paralysis, and his death at once called forth universal expressions of love, gratitude, and veneration. "Like the good soldier, this grand man, covered with wounds, struck to the heart, able no more to fight for his flag, died at his post, covered with its sacred folds."

THE DEVOTION OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

BEAUTIFUL beyond expression to me is the devotion of children to each other, and to what they feel to be duty. I have sometimes watched the sun rise, and noticed how one bar of the golden glory will come first, and, casting itself across the dimness of the morning, make a world's wonder of the place where it shines, while all about it still lies in shadow. So does this clear ray of devotion to duty rise sometimes on the morning of a new life, and cheer those that watch it with the great hope that, through cloud and storm, this light, please God, will glow and gather strength and brightness to the perfect day.

This is one of the main elements, I think, in those wonderful child-stories Mr. Dickens has given us. Poor Johnny Tetterby, crushed down under the perpetual burden of that Moloch of a baby in "The Haunted Man;" the small child, sister and mother to a family smaller than herself, under the hard bondage of the Smallweeds in "Bleak House," and Florence Dombey, ready to do all things for her little brother Paul through the love which strengthens her; these are instances of this quality that set one wondering whether, indeed, the great artist has not fallen into the exaggeration of romance in trying to touch the intimate truth and life of children, and so, whether his estimates and pictures of children should not be read with a great deal of discount.

I have always believed that Mr. Dickens was right. And, as Church can see much more in the heart of the Andes, and Bierstadt in the Yo Semite, than you or I could, because their vision is nearer the truth than ours, so what this painter of children sees is there, and we do not see it, because, for some reason that I need not now discuss, our eyes are holden, as the Scripture say.

Here is a paper from New Brunswick, in the British Provinces, for instance, that has a story to tell, a story so touching that as I read it I seem to see how the genius that can imagine is still not so high as the genius that can do.

Three children there got astray. One was about six years of age, the others four and three. It was in a wild region and in wild weather, and at the edge of night. From the signs it seems that the six-year-old child soon felt sure there was no hope of their being found, or finding themselves, that night, and so it took measures at once for the safe keeping of its little ones. Putting them in the most sheltered nook it could find, it then stripped away the most of its own garments to put on them, and set out to gather dry seaweed and brush to cover them in and fend them. Quite a quantity of this had been gathered and piled about the babes into a sort of nest, and there they lay when the people found them, still alive; but the six-year-old mother and martyr lay out on the shore, dead of the cold—lay beside the last pile of brush it had been able to gather, but was not able to bring in.

Here, again, the English papers bring another instance of this high devotion of a little one now at rest under the greensward in a country churchyard near Newcastle.

Several children were playing on the track of the Great Northern Railway when an engine and tender came rapidly up the road, and the elder ones started to run out of the way. One of these, a small girl, had two smaller children in charge. These she left in her first spasm of self-preservation, but when she had gone a step or two was caught of this devotion to her duty I am trying to tell about, went back for them, and had just time to bring them to a space between the track and platform, and so to save their lives; but she herself was—well, she never knew she was hurt, I suppose, but when she came to herself it was not the black country and the railroad she saw, and the inky Tyne, but sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, and the rivers of the water of life and the angels.

I believe all these things; I will now only tell a story I once told to some children. All children from seven to seventy

may read it again and welcome; all others may pass it over. It is only a story for children.

Away off in Edinburgh two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little boy with a poor, thin, blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said:—

"Please, sir, buy some matches."

"No, I don't want any," the gentleman said.

"But they are only a penny a box," the little fellow pleaded.

"Yes, but you see we do not want a box," the gentleman said again.

"Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last.

"And so, to get rid of him," the gentleman, who tells the story in an English paper, says, "I bought a box. But then I found I had no change, so I said:—

"'I will buy a box to-morrow.'

"'Oh! do buy them the nicht, if ye please,' the boy pleaded again. 'I will rin and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry.'

"So I gave him the shilling, and he started away; and I waited for him but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Well, late in the evening a servant came and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in I saw it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling, but, if possible, still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood a moment diving into his rags, as if he was seeking something, and then said:—

"'Are ye the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?'

"'Yes.'

"'Weel, then, here's fourpence oot o' yer shillin.' Sandie canna come; he's no weel. A cart ran over him and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet, and his matches, and your sevenpence; and both his legs are brocken, and he's no weel at a', and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's all he can gie ye the noo,' putting fourpence down on the table, and then the poor child broke down into great sobs."

"So I fed the little man," the gentleman goes on to say, "and then I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived with a wretched, drunken step-mother; their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in, and said:—

"'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, and then the horse knocked me doon, and both my legs are brocken. And O Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am dee'in! and who'll take care of o' ye, Reuby, when I am gane? What will ye do, Reuby?'

"Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me, as if he would thank me; then the light went out of his blue eyes, and in a moment—

> 'He lay within the light of God,
> Like a babe upon the breast;
> Where the wicked cease from troubling,
> And the weary are at rest.'"

Children, listen! This poor little man, lying on a bundle of shavings, dying and starving, was tender, and trusty, and true; and so God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuby and be a friend to him. And Sandie heard him say he would do it—just the last thing he ever did hear; and then, before I can tell you, the dark room, the bad stepmother, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken little limbs, all faded away, and Sandie was among the angels. And I think the angels would take him and hold him until one came with the sweetest, kindest face you ever saw; and that was Jesus. And he said, "Suffer the little child to come unto me;" and he took him in his arms and blessed him. And then Sandie's own father and mother would come, and bear him away to their own home—for in our Father's house are many mansions—and there Sandie lives now. And I think that the angels, who have never known any pain, who never wore rags or sold matches, or were hungry or cold, come to look at Sandie in his new home, and wonder, and say one to another, "That is the little man that kept his word, and sent back fourpence, and was tender, and trusty, and true, and when he was hungry and faint, and both his legs were broken, and he lay a-dying." And Sandie would only find out what a grand good thing he had done

when he was right home there in Heaven. But I tell you to-day, children, because, whether it be hard or whether it be easy, I want you to be as tender, and trusty, and true as Sandie every time.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

It is not generally known that in the Bible account of the fall of Adam nothing is said to Adam or Eve about the moral corruption of their children or the human race as the fruit of their transgressions. It is generally assumed that some such curse was pronounced. Read the story in the first chapters of Genesis and be undeceived.

It is not generally known that the words "original sin," "human depravity," "inborn corruption," or any such words, are not found in the Bible; that these words are the inventions of theologians in the dark ages to prop up a false system of religious teaching concerning man's nature, which tended to minister to the power of the priests of the Church.

It is not generally known that the Jewish nation, who had its inspired priests and prophets, never believed in the universal corruption of human nature and the necessity of little children being redeemed from the consequences of Adam's sin. When the Saviour took the little ones in his arms and said, "of such is the kingdom of God," he taught the people nothing contrary to the theology in which they had been educated.

It is not generally known that the words Trinity, Triune-deity, Three persons in one God, &c., are not found in the Bible, or that any words bearing any such signification are found there; and that these words are not found in the literature of the Christian Church till two hundred years after the time of Christ.

It is not generally known that it was with the greatest difficulty, and against the protest of the great mass of the Christian church, that the corrupters of the doctrine of the simple Unity of God introduced the Trinity into the Church; and that for nearly a whole century the Church was filled with contention and schism before the high hand of human authority made the doctrine of the Trinity a cardinal doctrine of the Church.

It is not generally known that the ascription so often repeated in Christian worship at the present day, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be," was *not* at the beginning, but was introduced into the Church in the sixth century. So the very phrase is a falsehood that every historian can bear witness against.

It is not generally known (as Dean Stanley has also recently said) that during the first three centuries of the Christian era, all prayers were addressed to the Father Almighty, not to the Trinity, not to Jesus Christ. And therefore our common and popular Litanies which offer worship and prayer to other persons than the Almighty God and Father of Jesus Christ, and Father of us all, are serious and idolatrous innovations.

It is not generally known that Bishop Colenso recently challenged the whole bench of bishops, professors, and theologians to find one clear passage in the New Testament in which Christians are "commanded, exhorted, or enjoined to offer prayer to Christ." And the champion of the Trinitarian cause at last confessed in the columns of the *Times* that no such passage could be found in the New Testament.

It is not generally known that Jesus Christ distinctly commanded that no prayer should be offered to him: "In that day ye shall ask me nothing;" "that the true worshippers shall worship the Father;" "that when ye pray say our Father;" and that at the present time the mass of Christian worshippers, misled by a deluded priesthood, are worshipping in direct opposition to the commands of the Lord and Master of the Christian Church.

It is not generally known that the false doctrines and idolatrous worship of the Christian Church in the present age prevents, both at home and abroad, the wide diffusion and more general acceptance of the spirit and truths of Christianity; and that the veil needs now as much to be removed from the eyes of the Christian Church as from the eyes of the Jews, who still reject the Messiah.

It is not generally known that while the great mass of professing Christians accept the Bible, every word, and jot, and tittle

of it, as a revelation from God, they repudiate the grand and distinguishing features of its teaching, that there is but "ONE only true God," the Father; and that he alone ought to be prayed to and worshipped. It is marvellous that the letter of Scripture should be so adored, and its spirit so totally ignored.

It is not generally known that the word "*Jehovah*" occurs in the original Scriptures upwards of eight thousand times, and is *always* applied to a person distinct from Christ. And also that the word God occurs thirteen hundred times in the New Testament, and is applied to a person as distinct from Christ as one person is distinct from another.

It is not generally known that Jesus Christ spoke of himself as dependent on God for life, wisdom, and power; and as distinct from God as two witnesses in a court of law are distinct from one another. That he came from God and would go to God. That he could do nothing without the will of God. That now he is at the right hand of God.

It is not generally known that every text in the Bible that has been alleged to support the Deity of Christ has been also given up by some of the most distinguished of Trinitarian commentators as *no* proof of the Deity of Christ; and that every year those publications which profess to give a textual defence of the Trinity, Deity of Christ, &c., are lessening their number of witnessess, till at last Talbot's analysis contains only *one* text for the doctrine of the Trinity.

It is not generally known that several of the texts in the authorised version of the New Testament, such as the "Three heavenly witnesses," "The Church of God which he hath purchased with his blood," "God manifest in the flesh," "He thought it not robbery to be equal with God," and many others are all false renderings of the original Greek texts, and that those false renderings are the results of a Trinitarian bias, which now loudly calls for a revision of the Scriptures.

It is not generally known that the word "*Atonement*" only occurs once in the New Testament, and that in this case the original word is "*reconciliation*," and has been so rendered in every other text. So that this doctrine of Atonement, like other doctrines, too popular at present, has not a single text in the Christian Scriptures to support its assumption, while the doctrine of repent and be forgiven, forgive and be forgiven, is everywhere taught.

It is not generally known that the word rendered "*Hell*" in the Bible, in no case refers to a *place* of punishment beyond the present world. In the Old Testament the word "*Sheol*," rendered "Hell," means the grave, the general place of the dead, and in some cases premature death. In the New the loathsome place of punishment by fire at Jerusalem, "*Gehenna*," or the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, where worms feeding on filth and fire unquenchable were in the days of Christ to be found.

It is not generally known that the great Apostle of the Gentiles, Paul, in all his preaching and his letters to the churches for thirty years never once uses the word "hell," while our great preachers now in less than thirty minutes use this word a hundred times. Nothing better marks the difference between the preaching of the Apostle and the preaching of the present times.

It is not generally known that the word "*damnation*" has no place in the original Scriptures, that in every text where this word is introduced it is a false rendering of the original text "*judgment*" or "*condemnation;*" and that the translators, who lived in the times when men and women were hung and burned for the slightest offences and differences of opinion, seem to have imported into the New Testament some of the barbarisms of their age.

It is not generally known that whatever may be affirmed of "Sin and Death and Hell," that the Bible declares they will all be destroyed, blotted out of existence, and be no more for ever and ever, that the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of Christ, that he shall reign till all enemies be subdued, that God will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth, and that nothing shall ultimately baffle God's will.

WHEN Alexander the Great saw Diogenes in a cemetery, he asked him what he was doing there. "I am seeking," said the philosopher, "for the bones of your ancestors among those of beggars; but everything here appears to me so confused and mingled together that I cannot distinguish them."

WHEN SISTER DIED.

[Founded on a tradition of the peasantry in the North of Ireland, that "when the flax has bowed its head," that is, when it is ready for the hand of the harvester, any one dangerously ill is then removed by death.]

WHEN the blue-belled flax would bow down its head.
'Neath the russet autumn day,
Our sweet sister's gentle spirit, they said,
Would quietly pass away.

So winter swept past with its long black train,
And spring waked the sleeping flowers,
And summer led forth to the golden plain
Its beautiful sun-gilt hours.

And then autumn came, and his royal hand
Poured out its abounding store,
And the groaning board of the well-spread land
Was heaped, and could hold no more.

And then of this strange, old saying we thought,
As a tale devoid of truth,
For the rich full time to our loved one brought,
As it seemed, fresh life and youth.

The eye that was drooping grew clear and bright,
And the cheek that was sunk and pale
Grew like, in its chastened and pinky light,
A beauty's of fairy tale.

And we all rejoiced—for we thought again
The past glad time was to come,
And our hearts would the sweetest light regain
That e'er overbeamed our home.

Time wore on apace, and fairer yet still
Did our gentle sufferer grow,
It seemed as if heaven, ere Death did its will,
Would beauty divine bestow.

How strangely that beauty hid from our eyes.
The cloud that shadows us now!
Yet death was kind thus the seal to disguise.
His hand must set on that brow.

We knew not the hour when our darling died,
So light was that spirit's release,
And she lay as a young and happy bride,
In sweet and most holy peace.

And from that calm death-bed aside we moved,
And we gazed through burning tears
On the world which the bounteous God hath loved,
And decked in all passing years.

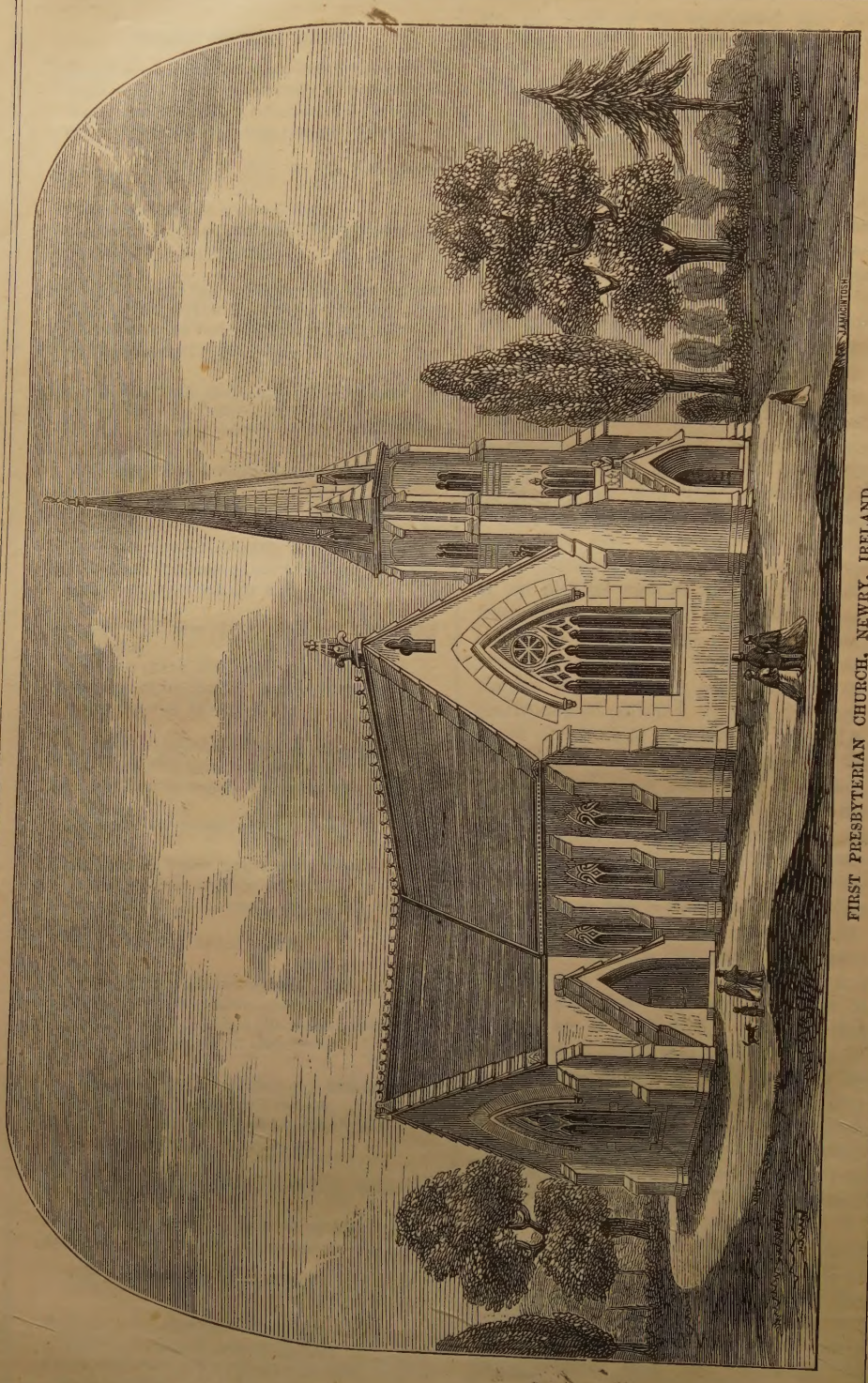
And then did that tale of tradition old,
With a strangely mystic power,
Come back to our hearts, and its truth unfold
In our lonely, mourning hour.

For the head of the blue-belled flax was bowed
With the sunshine's kiss impressed,
And our loved one, wrapped in her pure white shroud.
Lay like a seraph at rest.

Dunmurry, Ireland. T. H. M. S.

"THEOLOGY BE HANGED."

THESE unlucky words hastily escaped in an unguarded moment from the lips of an eminent clergyman, and have remained fastened upon him as a nickname. But though no one would wish to have ever used them, they express the real sentiments of a large number of men who are drawn one way by their conscience and another way by their worldly interests. These men are required by the law or by fashion to profess one theology, while in their breasts they hold another, and they most sincerely wish that the subject should never be mentioned. In their inmost heart they say, "Theology be hanged." A thoughtless young man lately asked one of our bishops what he thought of a new work on theology which was making some stir by its bold opinions. "Ask my wife what she thinks of it," was the dexterous answer of the prelate, who was far too courteous and polished to repel the questioner rudely or to express his real wish, "Theology be hanged." Theology is the grandest and most interesting of studies, but by the rules of good society it is not to be introduced into conversation. An intelligent clergyman of Unitarian sentiments, who repeats the creeds every Sunday morning, and teaches his congregation to pray to Jesus, is a most unhappy man. The Privy Council has given him leave to disbelieve what he teaches, but he has no permission from his own conscience to deceive his congregation. He says that his church is broad and comprehensive of all opinions; but it is only made so by insincerity; the Church belongs properly to the bigots. It is only the dishonest liberals who find admission within its pale. Well may such men endeavour to separate religion from theology. They can never hear the subject mentioned without receiving a prick in their conscience. They would wish it never to come up into their own thoughts. They walk about the world with a mild quiet countenance, but seem to be always suppressing the bitter uncomfortable wish of "Theology be hanged."



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEWRY, IRELAND.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEWRY, IRELAND.—(UNITARIAN.)

The congregation worshipping in this church represents one of the early Presbyterian settlements in Ireland. Its originators were chiefly Scotch settlers, who formed themselves into a congregation about the middle of the seventeenth century, and erected a place of worship about a mile from Newry, on the North-road, at a place still called the Meeting-house Rocks. Here public worship was conducted previous to the Revolution in 1688; but Dissenters having been prohibited from holding regular meetings, and otherwise persecuted, their minister, the Rev. George Lang, and eighty families of his congregation, with their cattle and other effects, retired northwards to a place of security, and remained in their chosen retreat till the return of peace.

In 1724 the congregation removed to High-street, Newry, where they had built a new and commodious meeting house, consisting of four aisles, and capable of containing a large body of people. Here they continued to worship for 129 years, till the erection of their present church in Needham-place, to which they removed in 1853.

They still retain possession, however, of their congregational property in High-street; part of the picturesque green forming a burial ground, and containing handsome monuments to several of their successive ministers, and the remainder being used as a place for occasional congregational and Sunday school reunions. The south wing of the old meeting house is still preserved, with its old oaken pews and stairs, and is sometimes used during summer evenings for public worship. Its venerable pulpit is associated with a long line of eminent Presbyterian pastors: and was once occupied on the occasion of a passing visit to Newry, by the Rev. John Wesley.

The next minister to Mr. Lang was the Rev. Mr. Rainey, who continued in the charge of the congregation till 1739. He was succeeded by the Rev. James Moody (father of the celebrated Dr. Moody, minister of Strand-street, Dublin), who had previously been pastor of the congregation of Magherally, and who continued minister of Newry for forty years, dying in 1779.

The Rev. Boyle Moody, his son, succeeded to the charge of the congregation, which he held for nineteen years, and died in 1799. The Rev. John Thom, the next minister (father of Mr. Thom, of Liverpool), was invited over from Scotland, and ordained in 1800. He died in 1808.

The Rev. Andrew George Malcolm, D.D., kinsman of James and Boyle Moody, and great great-grandson of the first minister, George Lang, next succeeded. He was called from the congregation of Dunmurry, where he had been minister for two years, and was installed in 1809. He died of fever January, 1823. Dr. Malcolm was succeeded in his useful and prosperous ministry by the Rev. John Mitchel, installed September, 1823. Mr. Mitchel had been minister of the congregation of Dunginen, County Derry, from 1804 till 1819, and one of the pastors of the influential congregation of Londonderry from 1819 till 1823.

During the ministry of Mr. Mitchel the remonstrant separation from the General Synod of Ulster, on the question of Subscription, took place, Mr. Mitchel and the majority of the congregation of Newry being amongst the separatists, and taking an influential share in the formation of the Remonstrant Synod of Ulster. A considerable minority of the congregation, however, adhering to the Calvinistic and subscribing views of the dominant party in the General Synod, withdrew from Mr. Mitchel's ministry; and, these having again diminished, now form two distinct congregations in Newry, in connection with the Calvinistic Prebyterian Church. Mr. Mitchel, whose combined firmness and gentleness under the most trying circumstances, caused him to be regarded as the Melancthon of the Remonstrant Church, published, in vindiction and support of his views, a volume of "Sermons on Scripture Doctrine," which obtained wide circulation and acceptance, and has done essential service to the cause of Bible Christianity in the north of Ireland. His death took place in March, 1840.

The Rev. Henry Alexander succeeded to the charge of the congregation. He had been for upwards of three years minister of the Presbyterian congregation of Nicholas-street, Lancaster, England, and was ordained in Newry September, 1840. Under his distinguished and devoted

ministry of twenty-five years the congregation remained united and prosperous; and to his exertions they mainly owed the erection of their present beautiful church and minister's residence.

Compelled from failing health to retire from the active duties of the ministry in 1865, after severe and protracted bodily sufferings, endured with exemplary fortitude and patience, Mr. Alexander died in April, 1868.

He was succeeded by the Rev. John Armstrong Crozier, B.A., the present minister, who was installed on the 7th November, 1865. Mr. Crozier had previously been minister for ten years of the Remonstrant Presbyterian Congregation of Ballegruena.

The handsome church, of which we present an engraving, was erected by the congregation in 1853, and was opened for public worship on the 17th July in that year. The late Rev. Henry Montgomery, LL.D., and the Rev. J. Scott Porter impressively conducted the services on the occasion. The style of the building is pointed Gothic, carefully carried out in every detail. It is built of squared and chiselled stone, the description being Newry granite. It consists of a nave and chancel, north and south transepts, two porches, and a handsome spire. The interior displays a lofty openwork roof of stained pine, supported on pointed arches of the same material. The church is seated to accommodate about 300 people; and the pews, which are also of stained pine, are well shaped and comfortable, and are cushioned uniformly in crimson cloth. A commodious organ loft faces the nave; below which, on a raised dais, and in front of an ornamental Gothic screen, stands the pulpit —a square structure of white marble, with Gothic panels and buttresses, and elaborately ornamented with flowered mouldings in various devices.

The building is lighted by nine windows; one large three-light window being placed in the gable of each transept, a large five-light window in the nave, and six smaller two-light windows in the sides of the church. The frameworks of all these display traceries of rich and varied patterns. The church has lately been further embellished by the erection, in the western gable of the nave, of a large ornamental window (the five-light window above mentioned) of stained and painted glass in richest colours and designs. A number of well-chosen Scripture texts from the Old and New Testaments are artistically introduced upon scroll work, harmonising with the general effect and colouring. This window is the gift of Edward Greer, Esq., of Moygannon, and was erected in memory of the late Robert Greer, Esq., who was long a zealous and influential member of the congregation.

Attached to the church, and corresponding with it in architecture, are a school-room and class-rooms, minister's room, choir, and library. The library consists of nearly 1000 well-chosen volumes, both on religious and secular subjects. There is an excellent Sunday-school, conducted by a superintendent and eleven teachers. Divine service is well attended, the church being usually filled during morning service on each Sunday at 12 o'clock; and evening service is held at 6 o'clock during nine months of the year.

The church stands on an advantageous site in Needham-place; the grounds being well laid out in grass terraces, with planting and border shrubbery, and enclosed by a handsome wall of cutstone, with buttresses, ornamented railings, &c., in keeping with the church. The congregation is in connection with the Presbytery of Armagh, one of the three Presbyteries constituting the Remonstrant Synod of Ulster.

HOPE ON.

Hope on, hope on, though dark the way may seem,
Hope on, hope on, and soon a brighter gleam
Of heaven-lit fire thy weary soul shall cheer,
Call thee to brighter realms where there is nought to fear.

Hope on, hope on, though snares beset thy way,
Hope on, hope on, 'tis but for one short day,
Soon will a balm for broken hearts be given,
When God, our Father, beckons us to heaven.

Hope on, hope on, though loved ones leave us here;
Hope on, hope on, we will not shed a tear,
We know their gentle spirits now are free—
Free from the world's harsh words and cruelty.

Oh! that with calmness we may say adieu,
When lovely nature's passing from our view;
When to our God we eagerly shall fly—
Farewell, dear friends, my spirit soars on high.

F. W.

MISERABLY OUT OF TUNE.

"How sour, sweet music,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives."
—*Shakspeare.*

A FEW days ago there stood in the street, before my window, one of the most poor and wretched-looking creatures my eyes ever beheld. Ragged and dirty, hunger-bitten and diseased, as lost to himself and the proper functions of humanity as mortal man could be; but yet this poor fellow was singing, singing for pence, his miserable groan and appearance extorting sympathy, commanding pity. But what was he singing? Well, here is the wonder!—one of Wesley's beautiful hymns:—

"My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights."

Bless me! I said, did ever Wesley think that such a lost creature, in so forlorn a condition, would fill his mouth with his hymn of "joys," "delights," "glories," and "comforts?" Not but the poorest of the poor, with the soul-tranquillising and elevating themes of religion, may be happier than the richest man clothed in purple and faring sumptuously every day. But this was not one of those poor men made rich by religion. No doubt he was singing the hymn taught him in his childhood at a Methodist Sunday-school, singing it without any heart or hope of religion, singing it for pence, as they were the only words he had ever committed to memory. And I said, What will men not repeat for a piece of bread? Here there was no proportion between the theme and his miserable condition. It was like profanation, and yet I thought again, How much of this miserable acting of religion is there every Sunday? There are thousands and thousands of clergymen signing articles, offering forms of prayer, and saying or singing creeds for a piece of bread, for the honours and emoluments of the Church, while they openly and frankly confess they are out of sympathy with all those forms. The poor beggar of the street is not more pitiable in the eye of Providence and not more culpable than those in high ecclesiastical preferments where faith is broken, and no proportion kept between the creed of the Church and the deeper convictions of their lives.

FRANK'S PUZZLE.

BY MRS. T. D. BUSH.

IT was a busy day in Effie Warren's house. Painters and carpet-women were at their work, and the young wife was almost driven distraught by the calls here and there, while the little thoughtful-eyed Frankie wandered hither and thither, wondering why mamma's usually quiet, elegant house wore such an air of unrest and disturbance. A rare boy was Frank Warren. Never jumping at conclusions, never run away with by his impulses, he seemed to look right into the verities of things; and, young as he was, for only six summers had cast their flowers at his feet, he had such a sense of right and fitness as is seldom found in children of a larger growth. He was particularly attracted to the parlour where two women were busily at work planning and arranging the soft green tapestry, which was so beautiful as the sun shining in through the bay window lighted it up making it seem almost like the close cut velvet sward of an English park, with here and there lilies of the valley and bunches of cluster roses dropped upon it. The head workwoman walked hither and thither while her sub rolled and unrolled, placed this way and that. Frankie followed every motion with an intentness that showed some problem was entering his mind. After a time he ran away seeking for his mother, whom he found at last in the library very busy—so much so she did not hear the soft tread of the little feet.

"Mamma," he gently whispered.

No reply. He drew closer to her and touched the folds of her dress, but with such a slight movement she hardly felt it; then he gave a more vigorous pull, and she raised her eyes from the plan she was drawing—a plan of a pet conservatory which was to be harmonious in its circular form, so musical with its fountain and its birds, so fragrant with its blossoming shrubs, and just out of that parlour where the roses and lilies were to bloom in unfading beauty, even though trodden upon, and apparently uncared for. No wonder the young mother did not heed the soft voice and gentle pull. She was a genius in her way, that Effie Warren; and the conservatory was an inspiration she feared to lose if not caught at once.

"Mamma, mamma," pleaded the soft voice.

"What, my little Fuschia, what is it?"

She had caught the sound of the dear word mamma, but her thoughts were again with the arrangements—just where the rustic lounge should be placed so that Frankie's papa could smoke his meerschaum near the dropping water, and the lily-filled basin should cheat him into the dream that he was in the very land of the lotus. So Effie only answered with her lips to the pleading voice—the sounds only struck the outer portal of her ear.

"Mamma, there are two lady-women in the parlour; one walking about, the other down on the floor working. Now which would mamma speak to if she went into the room—the lady-woman walking about or the woman working on the floor?"

The mother looked at the earnest face, but did not catch the meaning of the boy's anxious question. It *was* an "anxious question" to him, for he was bringing to bear upon it the teachings he had received at his Snnday-school—the lesson the week before had touched upon the "person who came with a gold ring," and he was trying a practical test.

"Please, mamma, should you speak to the lady-woman or the other one?"

"The lady-woman? oh yes, Frankie."

No thought was given to the answer, no look at the boy, upon whose round brown cheek there flushed a crimson blush absolutely painful to see. He turned round with hesitating steps, left the room and went once more to his post of observation at the parlour door. One woman was still walking round, the other cutting and obeying orders. Frank did not stay long, but, just as his mother had finished her plan and was looking with a triumphant smile of satisfaction at her work, he re-entered the room, and standing by her looked at her with his deep hazel eye, seeming to read her very heart. Presently, in a low sad voice, he said, "Frankie's ashamed of his mamma."

"What, my boy? what is it you say?"

"Frankie's ashamed of mamma."

"Ashamed of mamma. Frankie, what has mamma done that her darling is ashamed of her?"

"Mamma said she should speak to the lady-woman and not to the poor woman working on the floor, and it was naughty. Mamma should speak to the poor, the sick, the lame; that's the way Jesus did, and mamma always tells Frankie he must try to be like Jesus. Mamma must try to be like Jesus, too."

Overcome by the struggle of his feelings, and his speech so very long for such a small boy, Frankie burst into a passion of tears. His mother caught him in her arms, and while her own tears fell like rain she thanked God that He had gifted her child with that quick conscientiousness, the subtle instinct of right, and prayed so earnestly that it might always be so with him, and that she herself might be kept true to the right, and never by word, deed, or careless act dim his ideal of what was Christ-like. This ideal in a child's mind should be guarded with the most sedulous care; the thoughtless act of a mother, the almost unconsciously spoken word, may blur the fair proportions, may lower the standard, and thus pave the way for a deterioration of character which shall mar the whole life. "Reverence the dreams of thy youth," said the sweet German poet. "Reverence the truth in thy child's mind," should be said to every mother. See that it is reflected in thine own as in a mirror. Let no soil of worldliness, no plea of expediency, no yielding to the fashions of the hour, darken the transparent medium through which thy child looks through thee whom he can see and know to be the Father, whom not knowing he loves because in thee he sees the reflection of divine goodness.

CLERICAL INSINCERITY.

A COUNTRY parish in Scotland once applied to Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, to assist them in finding a minister for their vacant pulpit. They said they did not expect for their small parish a man of any great eminence or learning, but they hoped for a sensible man, and a Calvinist. The Doctor at once saw the impossibility of finding such a man, but he got out of the difficulty by slightly altering their words, and answered —"Oh! you want a sensible man who will preach Calvinism. I think I know several such that will suit you." A little insincerity on the part of the clergyman would remove the stumbling-block which the Doctor saw in the way. By the help

of similar insincerity the clergy of the Church of England find theirs the freest and most comprehensive of churches. The Thirty-nine accurately-written Articles, the rigid logical creeds, the solemn Liturgy repeated before the congregation every Sunday, only fetter men so far as in their consciences they feel fettered. If ordination vows and weekly declarations of belief do not bind a man's conscience, of course such a man feels free. The conscientious bystander looks on and listens in astonishment. He hears the clergyman declare in the morning service at church from the reading-desk, "I believe this and that," repeating a number of most exact but most nonsensical propositions, and a quarter of an hour after hears him deliver from the pulpit a sensible straightforward sermon showing that he is as near as possible a Unitarian. If we ask for an explanation of this we are told that he repeats the formularies of the Church in a non-natural sense—that is to say, that on the most solemn occasions he publicly addresses the Almighty with a quibble in his mouth. He is aware that as a religious teacher he is misleading the congregation. While he teaches the congregation to pray, and prays with them with every outward appearance of sincerity, he is using reservation, and while he says one thing he means another. And such must continue the unhappy condition of the clergy, or at least of a large part of them, as long as they continue to use one uniform form of words full of numerous exact propositions in theology, and those fixed by law many centuries ago. We unhappily find, as Dr. Robertson said he would have no difficulty in finding, many sensible men who are willing to profess orthodoxy. But to find a man who is sincerely orthodox according to the natural meaning of the words in which the Church has defined orthodoxy is as difficult now as it was in Dr. Robertson's time—indeed, it becomes more difficult every day, with the growing intelligence of the age. The Liturgy of the Church of England remains the same, while the world has been getting more enlightened in theology daily. Hence, an increase of intelligence is necessarily accompanied with an increase of insincerity in the Church; and therefore a portion of our duty in the present age is to urge mankind to sincerity and open conflict with error.

THE THREE CHURCHES.

ROME, ENGLAND, IRELAND.

What a fortunate thing for the Christian religion that she has a history independent of the Established Churches of Rome, England, or Ireland. She has a history that unfolds her most illustrious pages of martyrs, confessors, and achievements during her conflict with the States and kingdoms of the world. For three hundred years Christianity had no State pay, no State honours, but had to battle in her moral and spiritual armour alone against the sneers of philosophers, the power of potentates and Pagan priests, and the insolence of mobs. And at the present day there is no one so ignorant as not to concede that those days of no State Churches were the palmiest days of Christian progress.

The last fifteen hundred years are not without their advantages to Christian civilisation, yet almost every victory worth recording has been won against, and not with, a State paid clergy. What a fearful and black catalogue of crime State Churches have to answer for! They have muzzled free speech and done what they could in all countries to extinguish free and dissenting thought. They have trammelled social reforms and political action. They have had a dread of education pure and simple, and cast their votes on every occasion against equal-handed justice. They have never been the champions of popular rights or sought to reform the brutality of barbarous laws. If you read the transactions of our *Imperial Parliament* you will find that the bishops were always found on the side of tyranny and cruelty, and when a vote was to be taken on the subject of the gallows they went like one man for hanging even for petty thefts. So little has the Church sanctified the State that the best statesmen in former times, like the purest statesmen of the present, found their worst enemies to be in the State Church. Austria is at this moment effecting great and important reforms, but the greatest hindrance to those salutary changes is the Pope of Rome and the State Church of Austria. Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, is helping onward the liberty of the Italian people, but is always being checked by the fulminations of the head of the State Church

of Italy. The Liberals of this country are now about to do a simple act of justice to the people of Ireland: and every bishop, and with few exceptions priest, of the Church of England, says that act of justice shall not be done. A greivous scandal in the name of religion has existed in Ireland for hundreds of years, churches without congregations, and priests without people, having nearly all the emoluments of the State, and now it is proposed that this shameful thing shall cease, and there is quite a hubbub in religious circles, a flutter among the lawn, and the cursing of Liberal politics among parish priests. And why all this?—why the battle for a State Church in Ireland? Why this opposition to an act of transparent right and true national policy? There can be no answer given but that it endangers the whole fabric of State churches, here, there, and everywhere. We are glad it has come to this, and we hope that there are old men now living who will see the end of all State Churches, for they have been and still are the enemies of liberty, the disease of religion, and the principal sources of the tardy progress of a true and healthy civilisation. It is a sheer waste of time to stop to prove those positions. In Spain and Italy, and wherever a State Church exists unchallenged by dissenting influence, there the people in knowledge and virtue are in the lowest condition. Ignorance and vice are triumphant when left to be coped with by a State-paid clergy. God's truth and justice are not be promoted anywhere by institutions based on error and injustice. In Ireland the Church has done worse than nothing. In England it has been the chief source of Romanising influences, and as the Rev. Thomas Binney once said, it was questionable whether it had not sent more souls to hell than heaven. Ought we not, then, to rejoice that we live on the eve of a great change, and the few days that are spared to us be spent in hastening the downfall of institutions which have corrupted the pure stream of religion, which have perverted the functions of just government, and which at the present time always stand in the way of the better life of the people? We are far from affirming that the Church of England or of Rome is totally bad. We hold no such opinions. We know the devotion, the charity, the manly virtue, and the womanly graces of the members of both Churches; all that we mean to say is this, that as State Churches they are based on injustice, they derive a life and a revenue by robbery, they pillage the homes of the poor, they wring groans from the widow and the fatherless, and they are therefore, in this age, doomed to be dissevered from the instruments of their tyranny and despoiled of their ill-gotten gain. Will England lag behind in this work of justice when Austria is setting so good an example? The following ominous words were uttered in the Austrian Parliament a few weeks ago by one of her able statesmen—may they be reiterated here :—

"I object to any privilege being given to a particular Church, to any State religion, and I hope to be able to show that a State religion is not only superfluous but an evil. Religious liberty is of old date. Tertullian inscribed the equality of all creeds on his flag, and the bill now under discussion is in perfect harmony with his doctrine. The State as the realisation of the idea of justice can be of no creed, and yet it is in relation with many. Even if it had only to deal with one religion it should not adopt its distinctive creed. Otherwise it would subject itself to the Church which is always endeavouring to dominate, and which says it is persecuted when it is not allowed to dominate. If the State is to favour one creed more than others it should examine dogmas and decide which are the best. Now the State can have no such function, and it has no such right. The Christian religion itself prohibits intolerance. Are not the love of one's neighbour, equality in the sight of God, and the otner principles of that religion, the very principles of a State founded on justice? St. Augustine said, 'There is no charity where there is no justice.' Christian ethics disavow intolerance. A State Church is not necessary, because domination does not become a church, because a preference given to one Church is an insult to others, because the privileged Church darkens the minds of its adherents, and fills the heart with pride, and this has been shown in the course of these debates." It does appear, transparent enough to us, that State sustained priesthoods have in all ages and in all countries subverted the true functions of religion.

GOD'S HOUSE.

BY MRS. L. J. K. GIFFORD.

"MOTHER," said a little boy of seven years, "is God's heaven the highest place there is?"

"It is said to be high and far away, my boy."

"Why did God build his house so high, mother?"

"My son, I do not believe myself that the dwelling-place of God, or that God himself, is very far from any of us. People formerly have held the notion that God's habitation was high; that he was a crowned sovereign, upon a far-off throne. But at the present glad and joyous day, thousands of people believe that God is upon our right hand and upon our left, and that we cannot flee from His presence; that, while he is with the little child in his home by day, and all the night long guards his slumber, still His fatherly care and presence fills the whole vast universe."

"What a large and wonderful man He must be mother, to be in so many places at the same time. He is larger than papa; and papa can't even be up stairs and down stairs at the same time"

"But, my son, papa's thought might be up stairs while his body was down. God is a spirit, and this mysterious something we call spirit knows no limit, and is not confined to time or space. I believe that our very earth is the abode of spirits that have been freed from bodily form; that the soul has its form of spiritual as well as of bodily existence; that death merely takes us from the physical to the spiritual existence; and that our beloved dead are all about us, reaching out their unseen spirit hands to us continually, only we do not see them."

"Mother, the air then must be full of spirits; and yet, as I look out this bright June morning, I can see nothing but birds singing in the air."

"But although the air looks so clear and vacant, still it may be the habitation of spiritual beings."

"Why do we not see them, mother?"

"It is by our senses that we perceive or take knowledge of anything. It is by the bodily sense of sight that you know there is a bird in the air, and the bodily sense of hearing that his song falls sweetly into your soul, and what we lack is the spiritual sense to discern spiritual life and its form. While we are in the body our knowledge comes to us through the five senses that connect the soul with the outer world. When our life in the body is finished, we know not what new powers the good God is waiting to bestow upon us. He may not only give us the power to discern the dear human spirits that have lived and loved with us here, but He may give us the power to see the face of our earthly and Heavenly Father."

"Mother, I do not feel so much afraid to die now, since you have told me that God and heaven and the spirits of our loved ones are all so near us. When I thought that God was so far away, I was afraid that I might get lost after leaving you, before I found my new home in heaven. Now, I shall never be afraid of death. But what makes people think so much about the grave-yard, and talk about those who are dead as though they were locked up in the coffin and put into the ground, if they are still alive and in the air, and see us, and see God? I don't see that there's anything to cry for when anybody dies."

"People used to think, my dear, that when any one died he was buried in the ground. But we think very differently from that. When you are older you will understand this better. You know when you looked through the microscope you saw a great deal that you could not see without its aid. Because we don't see angels is no sign that angels are not around us here, and although we do not see God, it is only because we have not a spiritual eye find and strong enough to see Him."

"Mother, if I thought God lived in our house all the time, and heard all I said, and saw all I did, I *think* I should be a good boy."

"God does live in your house, my son, and when you are very good that house is heaven, the heaven He has made for you here."

CURIOSITY.—The curiosity of an honourable mind willingly rests there, where the love of truth does not urge it further forward, and the love of its neighbour bids it stop—in other words, it willingly stops at the point where the interests of truth do not beckon it onward, and Charity cries halt!

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

CHRISTIANITY has given to truth a dignity, independent of time and numbers. It has required that truth should be believed and respected for itself.—*Vinet.*

A THEOLOGICAL student, who always gave authority for his quotations, commenced grace at breakfast, one morning, by thanking the Lord "that we have been awakened from the sleep which a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has called the 'image of death.'"

"REPENTANCE and pardon are like to the three vernal months of the year, March, April, and May. Sin comes in like March, blustering, stormy, and full of bold violence. Repentance succeeds like April, showering, weeping, and full of tears. Pardon follows like May, springing, singing, full of joys and flowers. If our hands have been full of March, with the tempests of unrighteousness, our eyes must be full of April, with the sorrow of repentance; and then our hearts shall be full of May, in the true joy of forgiveness."—*Thomas Adams.*

WE have heard of the old lady who triumphantly pointed out the "Epistle to the Romans," and asked where one could be found addressed to the Protestants? The Catholic Mirror happily retorts by telling us of a negro Baptist at the South, who said to the Methodist master: "You've read the Bible, I s'pose?" "Yes." "Well, you've read in it of John the Baptist, hasn't you?" "Yes." "Well you neber saw nothing about John the Methodist, did you?" No." "Well, then, you see dar's Baptist in the Bible, but they ain't no Methodist, and de Bible's on my side."

A GOOD man, but ill instructed, out West, had a call to preach. Being unable to read, he employed a friend to read the scriptures. On one occasion the chapter was the twenty-second of Genesis, which contains these words: "These eight did Milcah bear to Nabor, Abram's brother." From these words he proceeded as follows: "Brethren and sisters, let us consider our blessings. We have all the comforts of life. We have flocks and herds and gladness. Morning and evening our wives and children milk the cows, and our wants are all supplied In the days of good old Abram the case was different; for then, as you have heard, it took eight to milk a bear, and they didn't get much at that."

BEAUTY IN HOME MATTERS.—Engravings shed their spirit over a household. The calm portraits of the great and worthy dead exercise a great influence over me. I could look on those over my own fireplace until they seem neither absent nor departed, but living yet. Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs the soul. Whatever you have, have beauty. Let beauty be on the paper on your walls. It is as easy to choose a paper suggestive of the lovely in form and colour as the uncouth. Why should not every household object be sanctified with this grateful charm? Each chair, each table, each tea, or chamber service, and every object for kitchen or parlour, for the home of the poor man, artisan, or mechanic, I would have them all worthy of a home of taste.—*Sidney Smith.*

MARRIAGE MAXIMS.—A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. A man is what his wife makes him. It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child. Make marriage a matter of moral judgment. Marry in your own religion. Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own. Marry into a family which you have long known. Never talk at one another, either alone or in company. Never both manifest anger at once. Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire. Never reflect on a past action, which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time. Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other. Let self-abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each. The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is in the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness. Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then prelude it with a kiss, and lovingly. Never taunt with a past mistake. Neglect the whole world beside rather than one another. Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse. Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is a meanness. Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence; besides it may be that you will not meet again in life.

MISERABLE FOLLY.—A correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* tells of a lady who was attended in her last illness by a curate, until he learned that she had not been baptised. She asked to be baptised rather than lose the benefit of his ministration; but this was refused, and the next day she died. As soon as the breath was out of her body the curate called again, and informed her friends that the Church Burial Service could not be read over her grave. The chaplain of the Burmantofts Cemetery confirmed this sentence of excommunication. "Christian burial," said this reverend gentleman, firmly, "was intended for Christian people." The persons who applied to him said they should make his decision known to the public. "I shall be glad if you do," he replied: "it is high time our principles were known." The corpse was at last interred without the Christian burial described by the reverend chaplain. That there are clergymen whose "principles" are that Christianity depends on baptism, has long been known.

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